

CANADIAN
SONNETS.



THE editor of a leading New York magazine recently declared that he was in receipt of more good poetry from Canada than from his own country. This fact should do something to remove the reproach that art in the Dominion is slumbering under the fatness of materialism. It is easy to look back on the outburst of song under the Ottawa school of twenty years ago, when Lampman, Campbell, Carman, Roberts and D. C. Scott were at their best, and say there has been nothing worth while since. It is true that the concentration of that group brought about what appeared to be the golden age of Canadian poetry. Since then Lampman has gone, and the output of verse by the others has been greatly restricted. New names confront us, men and women scattered over the entire Dominion, and some writing as Canadians who live elsewhere. It has become easier to find a magazine market for good verse, but more difficult to get it published in book form. Hence the best writer's work is scattered and makes little impression.

This by way of introduction to a new anthology, this time of sonnets only, entitled "A Century of Canadian Sonnets," selected and edited by Lawrence J. Burpee (Munson Book Co.). Mr. Burpee has done much of this selective work recently, and the result is to make accessible many things that were in danger of being forgotten. A collection of this kind has the limitations of the editor's fancies or tastes, and there are omissions that one regrets. The most important absentees are Roberts and Lampman, the right to reprint any of whose work was for some reason refused; and D. C. Scott, not to mention several worthy younger writers. Mr. Burpee has repeated the whim of a previous anthology by omitting the name of the author alongside the individual poems, thus placing the reader at an unnecessary disadvantage.

A perusal of the volume shows not only a Canadian flavor, based on climate and life here not common to older countries, but also a sprinkling of literature with a universal appeal. Opening with a sequence of sonnets on the seasons and the different months, selected from different authors, the collection goes on with quotations from many of our best known writers, such as Wilfred Campbell, John Reade, Bliss Carman, F. G. Scott, S. Frances Harrison, Jean Blewett, A. J. Lockhart, Charles Heavysege, Arnold Haultain, Bernard McEvoy, Charles Sangster and Ethelwyn Wetherald. There are unfamiliar names, too, some of whose work does not raise the standard of the volume. But why an anthology if it did not possess an individuality with which others disagreed?


With so much from which to choose, it is difficult to select examples for a brief notice. It is doubtful, however, if the little volume contains a better sonnet of purely Canadian flavor than "September," by Wilfred Campbell, commencing:—

Already Winter in his sombre round,
Before his time, hath touched these
hills austere
With lonely flame. Last night, without
a sound,
The ghostly frost walked out by wood
and mere,

And now the sumach curls his frond of
fire,
The aspen-tree reluctant drops his gold,
And down the gullies the North's wild,
vibrant lyre

Rouses the bitter armies of the cold.

A CENTURY OF
CANADIAN SONNETS



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A CENTURY OF CANADIAN SONNETS

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE



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PREFATORY NOTE

IN an interesting article on "American and Canadian Sonnets," written some twenty-five years ago, a well-known Canadian essayist, John Lesperance, said: "In the restricted sphere of the sonnet our Canadian verse is specially meagre, but it happens that the little we have to offer is so very good as to compare favourably with the work of English and American sonnetteers"; and he particularly commended the sonnets of John Reade, Charles Heavysege, and Louis Fréchette. During the succeeding quarter-century many new Canadian poets have arisen, and most of them have tried their hand at the sonnet, with varying success. Some of these sonnets have been included in Canadian and American anthologies, such as

Prefatory Note

Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*, Stedman's *Victorian Anthology*, Roberts's *Younger Canadian Poets*, Sharp's *American Sonnets*, and Rand's *Treasury of Canadian Verse*; but no attempt has hitherto been made to bring together in one volume a selection of representative Canadian sonnets.

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the kindness of the several Canadian poets mentioned, or their publishers, in permitting him to include their verses in this collection. The sonnets are reprinted from the following volumes, except in one or two cases where the verses have not hitherto appeared in book form :

Samuel Mathewson Baylis, *Camp and Lamp*; Jean Blewett, *Heart Songs*; John Henry Brown, *Poems*; Edward Burrough Brownlow, *Orpheus*; George Frederick Cameron, *Lyrics of Freedom*; Wilfrid Campbell, *Poems*; William Chapman, *Les Aspirations*; Helena Coleman, *Songs and Sonnets*;

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Louis Fréchette, *Les Fleurs Boréales* ; Pêlemêle ; S. Frances Harrison, *Pine, Rose, and Fleur de Lis* ; T. Arnold Haultain, *Versiculi* ; Charles Heavysege, *Jephthah's Daughter* ; Sophie M. Hensley, *A Woman's Love-letters* ; John Frederic Herbin, *The Marshlands* ; William Kirby, *Canadian Idylls* ; Pamphile LeMay, *Essais poétiques* ; Arthur John Lockhart, *Beside the Narraguagus* ; Bernard McEvoy, *Away from Newspaperdom* ; Thomas D'Arcy McGee, *Poems* ; Agnes Maule Machar, *Lays of the True North* ; Kate Seymour Maclean, *The Coming of the Princess* ; Charles Mair, *Dreamland* ; George Martin, *Marguerite* ; Mary Morgan, *Poems and Translations* ; Charles P. Mulvany, *Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets* ; Emile Nelligan, *Œuvres complètes* ; Sir Gilbert Parker, *A Lover's Diary* ; Theodore H. Rand, *At Minas Basin* ; John Reade, *Merlin* ; Carman Roberts, *Northland Lyrics* ; George John Romanes, *Poems* ; Charles Sangster, *Hesperus* ; Frederick George Scott, *A Hymn of*

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Empire ; *Poems* ; Francis Sherman, *The Deserted City* ; *Matins* ; Lyman C. Smith, *Mabel Gray* ; Hiram L. Spencer, *The Fugitives* ; Phillips Stewart, *Poems* ; Barry Straton, *Lays of Love* ; Benjamin Sulte, *Les Laurentiennes* ; John Stuart Thomson, *Estabelle* ; Arthur Weir, *The Romance of Sir Richard* ; Ethelwyn Wetherald, *The House of the Trees* ; *The Last Robin*.

The Editor regrets that, through his inability to obtain the consent of the publishers in one case, and of the poet's family in the other, he has been compelled to omit selections from the sonnets of Charles Roberts and Archibald Lampman.

Ottawa, 1910.

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A CENTURY OF CANADIAN SONNETS

THE SONNET

THE sonnet is a diamond flashing round
From every facet true rare coloured
lights ;

A gem of thought carved in poetic nights
To grace the brow of art by fancy crowned ;
A miniature of soul wherein are found

Marvels of beauty and resplendent sights ;
A drop of blood with which a lover writes
His heart's sad epitaph in its own bound ;

A pearl gained from dark waters when the
deep

Rocked in its frenzied passion ; the last
note

Heard from a heaven-saluting skylark's
throat ;

The Sonnet

A cascade small flung in a canyon steep
With crystal music. At this shrine of
song
High priests of poesy have worshipped long.

Edward Cunningham
Knowlton

THE CANADIAN YEAR

SPRING

THERE dwells a spirit in the budding year—
As motherhood doth beautify the face—
That even lends these barren glebes a grace,
And fills grey hours with beauty that were
drear

And bleak when the loud, storming March
was here :

A glamour that the thrilled heart dimly
traces

In swelling boughs and soft, wet, windy
spaces,

And sunlands where the chattering birds
make cheer.

I thread the uplands where the wind's foot-
falls

Stir leaves in gusty hollows, autumn's urns.
Seaward the river's shining breast expands,
High in the windy pines a lone crow calls,
And far below some patient ploughman turns
His great black furrow over steaming lands.

SUMMER

BEAUTY and Joy live through the summer
day ;

The morning rustles by my bed of dreams,
In garments made of woven auroral beams ;
And toying zephyrs in the garden stray,
Shaking the dew from each rose-weighted
spray

Upon the crimson poppies' burning lips.
A white-winged butterfly delighted sips
Of cooling golden wine, his thirst to allay,
The while he poises on the yellow brim
Of buttercups. And when the day is dim ;
And shadows flutter in the rising gale ;
And oak leaves tremble in the wood afar,
Like falling flakes of gold,—o'er night's dark
rail

Pale seraphs lean, each with a censer-star.

John Street Morrison

AUTUMN

IN autumn's dreary ear, as suns go by
Whose yellow beams are dulled with languorous motes,
The deep vibrations of the cosmic notes
Are as the voice of those that prophesy.
Her spirit kindles, and her filmy eye !
In haste the fluttering robe, whose glory floats
In pictured folds, her eager soul devotes—
Lo, she with her winged harper sweeps the sky !

Splendours of blossomed time, like poppies red,
Distil dull slumbers o'er the engaged soul
And thrall with sensuous pomp its azured dower ;
Till, roused by vibrant touch from the unseen Power,
The spirit keen, freed from the painted dead,
On wings mounts up to reach its living Goal.

WINTER

Now that the earth has hid her lovely brood
Of green things in her breast safe out of
sight,

And all the trees have stripped them for
the fight,

The winter comes with wild winds singing
rude,

Hoarse battle songs—so furious in feud

That nothing lives that has not felt their
bite.

They sound a trumpet in the dead of night
That makes more solitary solitude.

Against the forest doors how fierce they
beat !

Against the porch, against the school-
bound boy

With crimson check bent to his shaggy
coat.

The earth is pale but steadfast, hearing sweet
But far—how far away !—the stream of joy
Outpouring from a bluebird's tender
throat.

Elizabeth Withered

JANUARY

THE soft blue arch of turquoise, crystal clear,
Curves o'er white hills and rivers' frozen
flow,

Draped in a virgin robe of dazzling snow
That veils the silent landscape far and near,
Swathing the withered herbage brown and
sere,

And the tall dusky pines that—sweeping
low

Their long dark branches—violet shadows
throw

Across the stainless marble of the mere.

Hark ! through the stillness break the glad
sleigh-bells

In silvery cadence through the frosty air ;
Of happy hearts their merry music tells ;—
Of glad home-comings—meetings every-
where ;

But late we owned the sway of Christmas
spells ;

Now New Year chimes ring out the call
to prayer !

Agnes Maud Macdonald
7

FEBRUARY

O MASTER-BUILDER, blustering as you go
About your giant work, transforming all
The empty woods into a glittering hall,
And making lilac lanes and footpaths grow
As hard as iron under stubborn snow,
Though every fence stand forth a marble
 wall,
And windy hollows drift to arches tall,
There comes a might that shall your might
 o'erthrow.

Build high your white and dazzling palaces,
Strengthen your bridges, fortify your towers,
Storm with a loud and a portentous lip ;
And April with a fragmentary breeze,
And half a score of gentle, golden hours,
Shall leave no trace of your stern workman-
 ship.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

MARCH

WITH outstretched whirring wings of van-
dyked jet,

Two crows one day o'er house and pavement
pass'd.

Swift silhouettes limned 'gainst the blue,
they glass'd

Smooth beak and ebon feather in the wet
Of gaping pool and gutter, while, beset
By nestward longing, high their hoarse cry
cast

In the face of fickle sun and treacherous blast,
Till all the City smelt of violet.

Then through that City quick the news did
run.

Great wheels were slacken'd ; belts were
stopped in mill,

And fires in forges. Long ere set of sun
Dazed men, pale women sought the open
hill—

March

They throng'd the streets. They caught
the clarion cry—

“Spring has come back—trust Spring to
never die !”

S. Frances Harrison
("Seramus").

APRIL

HAIL ! gentle nurse of opening buds and
flowers ;

Thy weeping skies we love ; thy balmy breath
A thousand happy fancies whispereth ;

Visions of May shine through thy kindly
showers ;

Dreams of white blossoming trees and leafy
bowers ;

The woods awake from Nature's seeming
death ;

“ Winter is past and gone,” their fragrance
saith,

While gleeful birds salute the balmy hours.

Fair tender blossoms smile brown leaves
between,

Pale liver-wort and blood-root's stainless
white ;

April

The shad-bush rears its plumes of snowy
sheen ;

The shrilling blue-bird flashes azure light

Athwart the brake just touched with tender
green,

And robins flute their carols of delight.

Agnes Maule Machar.

MAY

With throb of throstle and with throat of
wren,

Full of soft cheepings comes the longed-for
May ;

With myriad murmuring life throughout
each day,

It grows and greens in grove and field and
glen.

Gleam marigolds across each fragrant fen ;

The fields grow bright with dandelion gold ;

The buttercups are yellow on the wold,

Till all the earth is made glad unto men.

And thus May comes most like some sylvan
queen,

Her trailing garments fringed with green and
gold ;

And passes by with shimmer and with sheen

Of all her verdure, till she reach the fold

That rose-crowned June will offer her be-
tween

His flower-wreathed arms in fragrances un-
told.

¹³
J. Almon Ritchie

JUNE

O CRIMSON-HEARTED, flower-producing
June—

Dear month of love, and laughter, and
light song !

Wherein our mother brings her choral
throng

To hymn the hymns that sweetest are in
tune :

Wherein all gaily goes save soul of wrong

That takes to bed quite blinded by the
light

Of that sweet, sober, gentle queen of night
That rules the tides of earth and men—the
moon ;

I love you ! for it was beneath your skies
I first looked Love into her starry eyes ;

I love you ! for beneath your dome of blue
I heard her answer—" And I love you
too ! "

I hate you !—'mid your flowers it was my lot
To hear those same lips say—" I love you
not ! "

¹⁴
George Frederick Cameron

JULY

HAIL! glorious month, when Nature,
festal-bright,
With roses wreathed and crowned, holds
festival,
And honeysuckle bowers, where lilies tall
Pour luscious fragrance from their censers
white ;
And bramble-vines, tempting both sense and
sight,
Hang forth their berries bright on rock and
wall :
Joyous the feathered tribe their nestlings call,
And warble forth in song their full delight.

The soft rich sunsets fade in moonlight
gleams,
Where sparkling floods of molten silver flow,
Impetuous with the rush of mountain
streams,
Or sleeping on the placid lake below—
A mystic glamour of enchanted dreams,
Where fairy-worlds of beauty shine and glow.

Agnes Maule Machan

AUGUST

O AUGUST, brown and sleepy-eyed and
mellow,
Cinctured with vines and straying here and
there,
And permeating all the odorous air
With an aureole of translucent yellow,—
A thriddled amber mist athwart the sun ;
Most lovable art thou beyond compare,
Of all thy sisters like thee there is none,
Not blushing June nor the coquettish May,
Nor April that unknowing weeps and smiles,
Nor fervid July sunning all the isles,
Nor yet the cold white months with steely
hair
That wrap in shrouds to show the year is
done.
Stay with us, sleepy mellow month, O stay !
Here in some garden house by some lone
bay.

John Hunt¹⁶ Duvar.

SEPTEMBER

ALREADY Winter in his sombre round,
Before his time, hath touched these hills
austere
With lonely flame. Last night, without a
sound,
The ghostly frost walked out by wood and
mere.
And now the sumach curls his frond of fire,
The aspen-tree reluctant drops his gold,
And down the gullies the North's wild
vibrant lyre
Rouses the bitter armies of the cold.
O'er this short afternoon the night draws
down,
With ominous chill, across these regions
bleak ;
Wind-beaten gold, the sunset fades around
The purple loneliness of crag and peak,
Leaving the world an iron house wherein
Nor love nor life nor hope hath ever been.

Wilfred Campbell

OCTOBER

OCTOBER's peace hath fallen on everything.
In the far west, above the pine-crowned hill,
With red and purple yet the heavens thrill—
The passing of the sun remembering.

A crow sails by on heavy, flapping wing,
(In some land, surely the young Spring hath
her will !)

Below, the little city lieth still ;
And on the river's breast the mist-wreaths
cling.

Here, on this slope that yet hath known no
plough,

The cattle wander homeward slowly now ;
In shapeless clumps the ferns are brown
and dead.

Among the fir-trees dusk is swiftly born ;
The maples will be desolate by morn.
The last word of the summer hath been
said.

Fanci, 18 Sherman.

NÖVEMBER

THE children wade amid the sodden leaves,
Solately glistening green in summer breeze,
Now dropping slowly from the bare
brown trees,

That stretch gaunt arms about the cottage
eaves.

Stripped are the orchards ; gathered in the
sheaves ;

The wildfowl quits her haunts for southern
seas

Ere touched by silent frost the streamlets
freeze,

And winter's craft her icy mantle weaves !

About the woods there breathes the mystic
spell

That speaks of vanished beauty—lost
delight ;

November

The last belated robin flutes farewell ;
The sun, 'mid dun and purple, sinks from
sight ;
While the wild winds and rain-gusts rise
and swell
To wrap the world in storm and wintry
night !

Agnes, Maude Machar.

DECEMBER

THE woods that summer loved are grey and
bare ;

The sombre trees stretch up their arms
on high,

In mute appeal, against the leaden sky ;
A flurry faint of snow is in the air.

All day the clouds have hung in heavy fold
Above the valley, where grey shadows
steal ;

And I, who sit and watch them, seem to
feel

A touch of sadness as the day grows old.

But o'er my fancy comes a tender face,

A dream of curls that float like sunlight
golden—

A subtle fragrance, filling all the place,

The whisper of a story that is olden—

Till breaks the sun through dull December
skies,

And all the world is springtime in the deep
blue of her eyes.

IN MEMORIAM

It fell as softly as the winter's snow :
There was no sound of storm nor any stress,
No fevered daring of Death's mightiness,
No struggle for a strong man's overthrow :
Just some few hours of moaning, soft and
 low,
Some hard-drawn breathing, quickly hushed,
 ah yes !
And then,—and then,—small white limbs
 motionless,
While we who wait must whisper as we go.
A face and voice we looked for lovingly
Lost from the fellowship of our small band :
One little ripple of Life's restless sea
Soothed into stillness by the Master's hand,
And missing here :—but a white soul to
 stand
In the vast Temple of Eternity.

George H. Ashton

INSPIRATION

WHERE softly steal fantastic shadows grim
O'er bannered wall, limned saint, prone
effigies,
And time-etched brass, sleeps, dust-
choked, mute as these,
The Voice that stirred the Minster's arches
dim.
With master-touch, obedient fingers skim
In eager joyance o'er the yielding keys,
And the groined vault is filled with har-
monies
That soar and swell in grand, triumphant
hymn.
Thus some great soul, cloistered amid the
gloom
And shades of prisoning shell, in silence
waits
The word inbreathed that shall to the dumb
clod

Inspiration

Give speech. As wingèd spirit from its
tomb

His message flies—nathless the erst-barred
gates—

And, hushed, men whisper : “ Hark ! the
voice of God ! ”

*Samuel Mathewson
Baylis.*

HER PORTRAIT

A LITTLE child, she stood that far-off day,
When Love, the master-painter, took the
brush

And on the wall of mem'ry dull and grey
Traced tender eyes, wide brow, and chang-
ing blush,

The gladness and the youth, the bending
head

All covered over with its curls of gold,
The dimpled arms, the two hands filled with
bread

To feed the little sparrows brown and bold
That flutter to her feet. It hangs there
still,

Just as 'twas painted on that far-off day,
Nor faded is the blush upon the cheek,
The sweet lips hold their smiling and can
thrill,

And still the eyes—so tender, and so meek—
Light up the walls of mem'ry dull and grey.

Jean Bennett

AT QUEBEC

QUEBEC, the grey old city on the hill,
Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair—
so still—

Of other days and all her mighty dead.
The white doves perch upon the cannons
grim,

The flowers bloom where once did run a
tide

Of crimson, when the moon rose pale and
dim

Above the battlefield so grim and wide.

Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
Of pride, of tenderness—her stirring past—

The strife, the valour, of the long ago
Feels at her heartstrings. Strong, and tall,
and vast,

She lies, touched with the sunset's golden
grace,

A wondrous softness on her grey old face.

26
Jean Blewett

EDGAR ALLAN POE

WILD child of genius with his witching lyre,
Dreamer of dreams of rarest fantasy,
Upon the earth he flashed with meteor fire,
And in his wake rolled waves of melody,
Seraphic songs as if from heaven's choir,
With elfin music, weird and mystical,
Bewitching notes that golden thoughts
 inspire,

Angelic strains, divinely musical.

All praise be his on this his natal day,
May all his faults and frailties be forgot,
Lay laurels on his tomb and honours pay,
Think only of the glory that he wrought.
Hail! sister nation, for thy great son's sake,
A kindred soul to Keats and Burns and
 Blake.

GREATNESS

WHAT most men hunger for yet none achieves
Save him who greatly cares not to be great,
Who knows the loom of time spins not more
state

Than that small filament a spider weaves :
Since single barley-straws make piled-up
sheaves,

And atoms diminute the gross earth's weight,
Nor comes from Sirius, earthward, rarer
freight

Than this small taper-beam my page receives.

No greater is the desert than one sand,
The mountain than one dust-speck at its
base,

The ocean than one rain-drop on my hand ;
And Shakespeare's self, there in the foremost
place,

Hath but in ampler measure at command
That thought which shines from rustic
Hodge's face.

THE GREAT PLAY

THERE is a playwright older than the years,
Who maketh all men actors in his play,
And, though they know not what they
do or say,

The purpose of the plot in all appears.
Each in his turn, beset with inborn fears,
Enters unseen youth's comedy so gay,
Laughs through the hours that glide too
soon away

Beneath the clouds of soul-consuming tears.
Then manhood's tragedy with perils fraught,
Pursues its fickle fortunes to the end,
When Fate, the villain of the piece doth
send

By whom the last exciting scene is wrought ;
A timely stab from Death's sure-falling
knife
Brings down the curtain o'er the play of
life.

Edward George Heathcote

IN BŒOTIA

VINE tendrils drooping in the midday sun
Take me to Greece, ere Sappho sang those
lays,
Whose echoes, falling down this length of
days,
Trance us with beauty, sweet and halcyon ;
Satyrs, green-garlanded, skip madly on
Through woody wilds, loud shouts of
ribald praise
Mingle with merry laughter, and amaze
The peaceful shepherds, who, affrighted, run;
Fair dryads swell the riot-filling song
From every tree-trunk, and from each
pure spring
Sweet naiad voices rise with silvery ring
To welcome him who leads the dancing
throng,
Old Bacchus ! reeling 'neath the weight
of wine,
Chanting a stave, half drunken, half
divine.

Edward Burrough Brownlow

WISDOM

WISDOM immortal from immortal Jove
Shadows more beauty with her virgin brows
Than is between the virgin breasts of Love
Who makes at will and breaks her random

vows,

And hath a name all earthly names above :
The noblest are her offspring ; she controls
The time and seasons—yea, all things that
are—

The heads and hands of men, their hearts
and souls,

And all that moves upon our mother star,
And all that pauses 'twixt the peaceful poles.
Nor is she dark and distant, coy and cold—
But all in all to all who seek her shrine
In utter truth, like to that king of old
Who wooed and won—yet by no right
divine.

George Frederic Bennett

ANTICIPATION

ANTICIPATION is the oil that feeds

The flame of life. It is the Siren fair
That sings at twilight in the hollow reeds,
And drowns the moaning discord of
despair.

Nay, now in darkest night it comes to me,—

It dulls the edge of every present care :
Blots from the tablets of the memory
What hath been ill, or *is*, inscribing there
In golden letters that which yet may be
Of earth's good things my individual
share.

And should the days be drearier in age,

And disappointment part of mine estate,
With fortune I shall not a warfare wage,
But sing my song as now,—as now antici-
pate.

George Frederick Cameron.

THE WIND'S ROYALTY

THIS summer day is all one palace rare,
Built by architects of life unseen,
In elfin hours the sun and moon between,
Up out of quarries of the sea and air,
And earth's fine essences. Aladdin's were
But tinsel sheen beside this gloried dream,
High, sunny-windowed, walled by wood
and stream,
And high, dome-roofed, blue-burnished,
beyond compare.
Here reigns a king, the happiest known on
earth,
That blithesome monarch mortals call the
wind,
Who roves his galleries wide in vagrant
mirth,
His courtier clouds obedient to his mind ;
Or when he sleeps his sentinel stars are still,
With ethiop guards o'ertopping some grave
hill.

NIGHT

HOME of the pure in heart and tranquil mind,
Temple of love's white silence, holy
Night ;

Greater than splendid thought or iron
might,

Thy lofty peace unswept by any wind
Of human sorrow, leaves all care behind.

Uplifted to the zenith of thy height,
My world-worn spirit drinks thy calm
delight,

And, chrysalis-like, lets slip its earthly rind.

The blinded feuds, base passions, and fierce
guilt,

Vain pride and falseness that enslaved the
day,

Here dwindle and fade with all that mocks
and mars ;

Night

Where wisdom, awed, walks hushed with
lips that pray.

'Neath this high minster, dim, invisible,
built,

Vast, walled with deeps of space and
roofed with stars.

Wilfred Campbell

“NOT UNTO ENDLESS DARK”

Not unto endless dark do we go down,
Though all the wisdom of wide earth
said yea,
Yet my fond heart would throb eternal
nay.
Night, prophet of morning, wears her starry
crown,
And jewels with hope her murkiest shades
that frown.
Death's doubt is kernelled in each prayer
we pray.
Eternity but night in some vast day
Of God's far-off red flame of love's renown.
Not unto endless dark. We may not know
The distant deeps to which our hopings go,
The tidal shores where ebbs our fleeting
breath :
But over ill and dread and doubt's fell dart,
Sweet hope, eternal, holds the human heart,
And love laughs down the desolate dusks
of death.

Wilfred Campbell.

FOUNDATIONS

WE are what nature made us ; soon or late,
Life's art that fadeth passeth slow away,
With iron eatings of our sordid day,
Leaving behind those influences, innate,
Immutable, divine. As round some great,
Rude, craggy isle, the loud surf's raven-
ing fray
Shatters all life in spume of thundered
spray,
Leaving huge cliffs, scarred, grim, in naked
state.

So life and all its idols hath its hour,
Its fleet, ephemeral dream, its passing
show,
Its pomp of fevered hopes that come and
go :
Then stripped of vanity and folly's power,
Like some wide water bared to moon and
star,
We know ourselves in truth for what we
are.

37
W. B. Campbell

EDWARD THRING

THIS was a leader of the sons of light,
Of winsome cheer and strenuous command.

Upon the veteran hordes of Bigot-land
All day his vanguard spirit, flaming bright,
Bore up the brunt of unavailing fight.

Then, with the iron in his soul, one hand
Still on the hilt, he passed from that slim
band

Out through the ranks to rearward and the
night.

The day is lost, but not the day of days,
And ye his comrades in the losing war
Stand once again for liberty and love !
Close up the ranks ; his deed your deeds let
praise !

Against the front of dark where gleams
one star,

Strive on to death as this great captain
strove !

LE LABOUREUR

DERRIÈRE deux grands bœufs ou deux
lourds percherons,

L'homme marche courbé dans le pré soli-
taire,

Ses poignets musculeux rivés aux mancherons
De la charrue ouvrant le ventre de la terre.
Au pied d'un coteau vert noyé dans les
rayons,

Les yeux toujours fixés sur la glèbe si chère,
Grisé du lourd parfum qu'exhale la cajhère,
Avec calme et lenteur il trace ses sillons.

Et, rêveur, quelquefois il ébauche un sourire
Son oreille déjà croit entendre bruire
Une mer d'épis d'or sous un soleil de feu ;
Il s'imagine voir le blé gonfler sa grange ;
Il songe que ses pas sont comptés par un ange,
Et que le laboureur collabore avec Dieu.

William Chapman.

AT PARTING

KEEP thou amidst the fulness of thy days
Some little space apart for thoughts of
me,

Where all the best I have and am may be
Familiar and essential to thy ways ;
Upon the hours' swift argosies emblaze
The prayer that ever shall encompass thee,
The hope, the aim, the spirit's sudden
plea,

At once thy inspiration and thy praise.
For he who keeps within his heart a shrine
Where tender dreams may gather, makes
defence

Against encroaching tides that undermine
The soul's integrity and confidence,
And I would have act in every act of thine
Love's presence conscious to thy deeper
sense.

Helena Bolerman

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

As far as sight could reach the wild peaks
rose,

Tier after tier against the limpid blue,
Titanic forms that stormed the heavens
anew

At every turn, crowned with imperial snows ;
And then, as day sank softly to its close,

Diaphanous, ethereal they grew,
Mere wraiths of rainbow-mist that from
our view,

Dream-laden, lapsed to darkness and repose.

And suddenly I found my vision blurred,
And knew that deeper chord was touched
again

Which once in Hungary, when I had heard

A passionately wild, appealing strain

Of gypsy music, left me strangely stirred

With incommunicable joy and pain.

Helena Koltman

VANISHED YEARS

SHE sitteth in the sunshine, old and grey,
Her faded kerchief crossed upon her
breast,

Her withered form in sober colors dressed,
Her thoughts fixed ever on the Far-away ;
She scarcely sees the children at their play,
But looks beyond them to the crimsoning
West

And still beyond, where everlasting rest
Remains to close and crown her little day.
But on her tranquil and unconscious face,
In lines engraved by joy no less than tears,
The story of her pilgrimage we trace,
For Youth, quick-flying, left his dearer
part,

And all the fragrance of the vanished years,
Imperishable, lies within her heart.

Helen Coleman.

LE SAGUENAY

CELA forme deux rangs de massifs promon-
toires,
Gigantesque crevasse ouverte, aux premiers
jours,
Par quelque cataclysme, et qu'on croirait
toujours
Prête à se refermer ainsi que des mâchoires.

Au pied de caps à pic dressés comme des
tours,
Le Saguenay profond roule ses ondes noires ;
Parages désolés pleins de mornes histoires !
Fleuve mystérieux pleins de sombres détours !

Rocs foudroyés, sommets aux pentes in-
fécondes,
Sinistres profondeurs qui défiez les sondes,
Vaste mur de granit qu'on nomme *Eternité*,

Le Saguenay

Comme on se sent vraiment chétif, quand on
compare

A vos siècles les ans dont notre orgueil se
pare,

Et notre petitesse à votre immensité !

Louis Fréchette

LES OISEAUX DE NEIGE

QUAND le rude Equinoxe avec son froid
cortège,
Quitte nos horizons moins inhospitaliers,
Sur nos champs de frimas s'abattent par
milliers
Ces visiteurs ailés qu'on nomme oiseaux de
neige.

De graines nulle part ! nul feuillage aux
haliars !
Contre la giboulée et nos vents de Norvège,
Seul le regard d'en haut les abrite, et protège
Ces courriers du soleil en butte aux oiseliars.

Chers petits voyageurs, sous le givre et la
grêle,
Vous voltigez gaîment, et l'on voit sur votre
aile
Luire un premier rayon du printemps
attardé.

Les Oiseaux de Neige

Allez, tourbillonnez autour des avalanches ;
Sans peur, aux flocons blancs mêlez vos
plumes blanches ;
Le faible que Dieu garde est toujours bien
gardé !

Louis Fréchette.

BELŒIL LAKE

Qui n'aime à visiter ta montagne rustique,
O lac qui, suspendu sur vingt sommêts hardis,
Dans son lit d'algue verte, au soleil resplendis,
Comme un joyau tombé d'un écrin fantastique ?

Quel mystère se cache en tes flots engourdis ?

Ta vague a-t-elle éteint quelque cratère antique ?

Ou bien Dieu mit-il là ton urne poétique
Pour servir de miroir aux saints du paradis ?

Caché, comme un ermite, en ces monts solitaires,

Tu ressembles, O lac ! à ces âmes austères
Qui vers tout idéal se tournent avec foi.

Comme elles, aux regards des hommes tu te voiles ;

Calme, le jour—le soir, tu souris aux étoiles ;
Et puis il faut monter pour aller jusqu'à toi !

TO THE GOD OPPORTUNITY

STRANGE, that no idol hath been roughly
wrought,
Or fairly carven, bearing on its base
A name so potent ! Strange, no ancient race,
Workers in whitest Parian, ever sought
To reproduce thy beauty, slyly fraught
With vast suggestion ! Strange, thou couldst
not brace
The dull Assyrian, didst not tempt from
chase,
Trophy and battle, the sons of literal thought.
We who are tired of gods must yet to thee
Render allegiance. Chance and Love are
blind,
And Cause is soulless, Art is deaf and vain,
All unavailing looms the God of Pain.
Disclaiming these, we choose with prescient
mind
The unknown God of Opportunity.

Frances Harrison
48 (*Seamus*).

BEFORE DAWN

THE night-breeze chill blew cold across the
mere,

The sullen mist, slow-creeping up the dale,
Enshrouded all the land with clammy veil,
The clouds stood still, the trees bent low
with fear.

At last, far in the eastern heavens drear,
A little stranger ray, trembling and pale,
Afeared lest he to find his way should fail,
Took courage on the dismal scene to peer.

The trees look up, the grasses tip-toe rear
Their tiny heads, the clouds mount up
and scale
The topmost sky to gain an outlook clear ;

The waves awake, aroused by rising gale,
The mist shrinks back, and all combine to
hail
The dauntless little harbinger of cheer.

T. Arnold Haultain

THE FALLEN ANGELS

'Twas on a day, and in high, radiant heaven,
An angel lay beside a lake reclined,
Against whose shores the rolling waves were
 driven,
And beat the measure to the dancing wind.
There, rapt, he meditated on that story
Of how Jehovah did of yore expel
Heaven's aborigines from grace and glory—
Those mighty angels that did dare rebel.
And, as he mused upon their dread abode
And endless penance, from his drooping
 hands
His harp down sank, and scattered all abroad
Its rosy garland on the golden sands ;
His soul mute wondering that the All-wise
 Spirit
Should have allowed the doom of such
 demerit.

Charles Leavysse.

WINTER NIGHT

THE stars are glittering in the frosty sky,
Frequent as pebbles on a broad sea-coast ;
And o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
Has marshalled its innumerable host.

Alive all heaven seems ! with wondrous
glow

Tenfold refulgent every star appears,
As if some wide, celestial gale did blow,
And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.
Orbs, with glad orbs rejoicing, burning,
beam,

Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their
zones,

Till o'er the blue, bespangled spaces seem
Angels and great archangels on their thrones ;
A host divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems,
And forms more bright than diamond
diadems.

Charles Harveyson.

CLOUDS

HUSHED in a calm beyond mine utterance,
See in the western sky the evening spread ;
Suspended in its pale, serene expanse,
Like scattered flames, the glowing cloudlets
red.

Clear are those clouds ; and that pure sky's
profound,

Transparent as a lake of hyaline ;
Nor motion, nor the faintest breath of
sound,

Disturb the steadfast beauty of the scene.
Far o'er the vault the winnowed welkin wide,
From the bronzed east unto the whitened
west,

Moored, seem, in their sweet, tranquil,
roseate pride,

Those clouds the fabled islands of the blest ;
The lands where pious spirits breathe in joy,
And love and worship all their hours employ.

Charles Harvey

TRIUMPH

THE sky, grown dull through many waiting
days,
Flashed into crimson with the sunrise charm,
So all my love, aroused to vague alarm,
Flushed into fire and burned with eager
blaze.

I saw thee not as suppliant, with still gaze
Of pleading, but as victor—and thine arm
Gathered me fast into embraces warm,
And I was taught the light of Love's dear
ways.

This day of triumph is no longer thine,
O conqueror, in calm exclusive power.
As evermore, through storm, and shade,
and shine,

Your woe my pain, your joy my ecstasy,
We breathe together,—so this blessed hour
Of self-surrender makes my jubilee !

Sophie Webster

THE RETURNED ACADIAN

ALONG my father's dykes I roam again,
Among the willows by the river-side.
These miles of green I know from hill to
tide
And every creek and river's ruddy stain.
Neglected long and shunned our dead have
lain,
Here where a people's dearest hope had died.
Alone of all their children scattered wide,
I scan the sad memorials that remain.
The dykes wave with the grass, but not for
me ;
The oxen stir not while this stranger calls.
From these new homes upon the green
hill-side,
Where speech is strange and a new people
free,
No voice cries out in welcome ; for these
halls
Give food and shelter where I may not bide.

HAYING

FROM the soft dyke-road, crooked and
wagon-worn,

Comes the great load of rustling scented
hay,

Slow-drawn with heavy swing and creaky
sway,

Through the cool freshness of the windless
morn.

The oxen, yoked and sturdy, horn to horn,
Sharing the rest and toil of night and day,
Bend head and neck to the long hilly way,
By many a season's labour marked and torn.

On the broad sea of dyke, the gathering
heat

Waves upward from the grass, where road
on road

Is swept before the tramping of the teams.
And while the oxen rest beside the sweet
New hay, the loft receives the early load,
With hissing stir, among the dusty beams,

John Frederick Smith

MONTMORENCY

THE Master saith, "Look in thy heart and
write

What thou hast heard the voices say, within
The flashing rainbows and the mist, the din
And avalanche of waters snowy white,
Of Montmorency leaping down the height."

I feel the throbbing of the joyous linn
Keep time and measure with my pulses in
A thrilling symphony of sound and sight.
For history, poetry, and wild romance,
The old, the new, Nature's exuberance—
Peace, war, and love—love still the best of
all—

Their story here on every side I learn,
And Wolfe's and Montcalm's rival camps
discern

In the long thunder of the roaring fall.

William Kirby

UN RÊVE

UN paisible sommeil enchaînait ma pau-
pière,

Puis un rêve bien doux enivrait mon esprit.
Heureux, je souriais quand mon œil s'en-
trouvrit . . .

Alors j'aurais osé maudire la lumière !
Sur la verte pelouse où jouait le zéphyr
Je voyais s'avancer une vierge candide,
Plus fraîche que la fleur, plus pure qu'un
saphyr ;

Je lui dis d'une voix amoureuse et timide :
“ Qui t'amène à mes yeux, la plus belle des
fleurs ?

O toi pour qui je vis ! toi qui sèches mes
pleurs !

Toi que j'aime à jamais, dis-moi donc qui
t'amène ? ”

Elle sourit alors, et son œil scintilla ! . . .

Ciel ! elle allait parler ! le plaisir m'éveilla !

Mais qu'aurait-elle dit ? , , , Dis-le moi,
ma *Climène*.

MONTREAL

REIGN on, majestic Ville-Marie !
Spread wide thy ample robes of state ;
The heralds cry that thou art great,
And proud are thy young sons of thee.
Mistress of half a continent,
Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest ;
We see thee conscious heave thy breast
And feel thy rank and thy descent.
Spring of the saint and chevalier !
And with the Scarlet Tunic wed !
Mount Royal's crown upon thy head ;
And past thy footstool, broad and clear,
Saint Lawrence sweeping to the sea :
Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie !

W. O'Hara Down right the ell

LUX ET UMBRA

IN the black flower of midnight—at the
heart

And midmost auricle of secrecy,

There lies the golden fire-seed that shall be

The day's broad blossom. Softly fall apart

The silken leaves of dreams ; and lo ! thou
art,

Sweet morn of expectation, dewy-drest !

While all the spectres that the dark infest,

Soon as the East doth his keen lances dart,

Show angel faces. Why avert the shade—

The solemn vigil—the mysterious power,

Filling the soul with awe, stirring the clod,

Bidding the bones to quake ? 'Tis thus
arrayed

In dusky calyx lies heaven's shining flower.

Our Angel leads through gloom to show us

God.

Arthur J. Love

THE HARMONIES OF SILENCE

So more than beautiful you looked to-night
In some calm moments, as if perfect
good
Alone made up your sum of womanhood,
It seemed so needless that your eyes were
bright,
So little that your thought could wing its
flight
In faithful cadence to my varying mood :
The very music of your voice was rude
Awakening from the silence's delight.

Oh ! there are moments when the soul can
read
The knowledge writ in darkness, and can
hear
The harmonies of silence like a song.
There is no truth, if this belief be wrong ;
To-night you lived such moments, and I,
near,
Caught echoes of an anthem and a creed.

John S. Rogers.

IMAGINES VITÆ

MAN's no mere scribe, who in the cloistered
gloom

Of some old convent sits away his life,
Who at his trencher finds his only strife—
The rest fat peace—as in his narrow room
He writes till blinded by Time's darkening
rheum.

An image rather find in one who leaving
wife,
And child, and friends, proclaims war to the
knife

With luxury, and seeks his unknown doom
Among the mountains, where the ages lie
Buried 'neath miles of monumental stone—
Region of distance, height, immensity—
Writes with his heart's blood in those spaces
lone

His last sad message. There, where eagles
cry,

They find his bones : far still the highest
cone !

RETURN

I HAVE a sea-going spirit haunts my sleep,
Not a sad spirit wearisome to follow,
Less like a tenant of the mystic deep
'Than the good fairy of the hazel hollow ;
Full often at the midwatch of the night
I see departing in his silver bark
This spirit, steering toward an Eastern light,
Calling me to him from the Western dark.
“ Spirit ! ” I ask, “ say, whither bound
away ? ”
“ Unto the old Hesperides ! ” he cries.
“ Oh, Spirit, take me in thy bark, I pray.”
“ For thee I came,” he joyfully replies ;
“ Exile ! no longer shalt thou absent mourn,
For I the Spirit am men call—Return.”

shown, Daisy McGee

FORGOTTEN SONGS

THERE is a splendid tropic flower which
flings

Its fiery disc wide open to the core—

One pulse of subtlest fragrance—once a life

That rounds a century of blossoming things

And dies, a flower's apotheosis : nevermore

To send up in the sunshine, in sweet strife

With all the winds, a fountain of life flame,

A winged censer in the starlight swung

Once only, flinging all its wealth abroad

To the wide deserts without shore or name

And dying, like a lovely song, once sung

By some dead poet, music's wandering
ghost,

Æons ago blown out of life and lost,

Remembered only in the heart of God.

Wrote Seymour M. L. L.

CANADA

How fair her meadows stretch from sea to
sea

With fruitful promise ; changing robes of
green,

Varying ever, till the golden sheen

Of autumn marks a glad maturity !

How gay 'mid orchard boughs the russets be !

The uplands, crowned with crimson maples,
lean

Long cooling arms of shadow, while between

In sun or shade the flocks roam far and free.

From east to west the harvest is her own ;

On either hand the ocean ; at her feet

Her cool lakes' sweetest waters throb and
beat

Like cool, firm pulses of her temperate zone.

Gracious and just she calls from sea to sea,

" No room for malice, none for bigotry."

W. S. Munn

LOVE'S EMPERY

O LOVE, if those clear faithful eyes of thine
Were ever turned away there then should
be

No heav'nly looks to take the gloom from
mine,

Nor any hills, nor any dales for me,
Nor any honeyed cups of eglantine,
Nor morning spilth of dew on land or sea.
No sun should rise, and leave his eastern tent
To wake the music of the rambling wave,
Nor any freshness of the West be seen
To sweep away night's savours of the grave.
But, when I gaze into those fadeless eyes,
Methinks I am in some mysterious land,
Where far-off seas take colour from the skies,
And voiceless on a mountain-top I stand.

Charles Mair

ROBERT BROWNING

THE strongest singer of these latter days
Has left the turmoil of earth's busy throng,
But his rich voice is with us, and his song
Gladdens our hearts, and on our darkest
ways
Throws gleams of living light. His steady
praise
Of truth and right ; his lesson firm and
strong—
Our lives are not our own, that they
belong
To God—is here to comfort and to raise.

Then, while we weep for him, our laurelled
king,
Our hearts can truly say he is not dead ;
Nay, more ! He sleeps not, but with
undimmed mind

Robert Browning

Still works among us, still abides to bring
Balm to the bleeding hearts whence hope
has fled,
Strength to the weak, light to the
groping blind.

Thomas J. Marquis

HEART-HUNGER

Dost thou do well, dear idol of my heart !
To thrall me in the meshes of thy charms,
To fill my constant soul with soft alarms,
Then coyly thrust me from thy love apart ?
Pluck from my breast, I pluck the mystic
 dart !

Yield—or I perish—to these folding arms !
Assuage the hunger of this sick desire
That wraps me like an aromatic fire !—
Oh, lull with thy ambrosial breath the swarms
Of wounded thoughts that issue from my
 brain

And seek thy presence, seek thee day and
 night,

And on thy brow, and eyes, and lips alight,
Extracting aye a honey that is pain !—
Oh, save me with thy kisses, or kill me quite !

George Martin

GOOD DEEDS

(FOUNDED ON A PERSIAN LEGEND)

THE child asks, "Is it true?" The story's
old,

Of a brave youth who all on good intent
Alone about the world unwearied went
For love of human kind, nor sought for gold.
His face was beautiful with thought; his hold
Of life but frail—as if he had been meant
For gentle ways, and could not have been
sent

To battle with a world that bought and sold.
A wistful far-off look grew in his eyes
As if they said to all, "Good-night, fare-
well!"

Farewell it was. In groves of paradise
A radiant maiden meets him. "Who art
thou?"

He asks. "For none so fair on earth did
dwell."

"*I am thy deeds,*" she says, "*that greet
thee now!*"

“TROY WAS!”

TROY was ! For lo, to other music now
Than in old days bade tower and temple
rise,

A Troy new-built of fire to all the skies,
With flaming walls o’ertoppeth Ida’s brow.
Troy was ! Therein shall we no more behold
The wealth of youth that once made life
so fair ;

See heaven-born love our mortal vestures
wear,

Or match with Helen’s hair earth’s paler
gold.

Yet have we lived and battled not in vain ;
When of that vanished day the tale is told,
If once within the hero-ranks enrolled,
We lived their higher life of heart and brain :
Though of a phantom beauty we were fain,
Though for a failing cause our hearts grew
bold.

Edmund Spenser

LE VAISSEAU D'OR

CE fut un grand Vaisseau taillé dans l'or
massif :

Ses mâts touchaient l'azur, sur des mers in-
connues ;

La Cyprine d'amour, cheveux épars, chairs
nues,

S'étalait à sa proue, au soleil excessif.

Mais il vint une nuit frapper le grand écueil
Dans l'Océan trompeur où chantait la
Sirène,

Et la naufrage horrible inclina sa carène
Aux profondeurs du Gouffre, immuable
cercueil.

Ce fut un Vaisseau d'or, dont les flancs
diaphanes

Révélaient des trésors que les marins pro-
fanes,

Dégout, Haine et Névrose, entre eux ont
disputé.

Que reste-t-il de lui dans la tempête brève ?

Qu'est devenu mon cœur, navire déserté ?

Hélas ! Il a sombré dans l'abîme du Rêve ! . . .

Emily Nelligan

ART'S USE

ART's use : what is it but to touch the
springs

Of nature ? But to hold a torch up for
Humanity in Life's large corridor,
To guide the feet of peasants and of kings !
What is it but to carry union through
Thoughts alien to thoughts kindred, and to
merge

The lines of colour that should not diverge,
And give the sun a window to shine through !
What is it but to make the world have heed
For what its dull eyes else would hardly
scan !

To draw in a stark light a shameless deed,
And show the fashion of a kingly man !
To cherish honour, and to smite all shame,
To lend hearts voices, and give thoughts a
name !

Ed. Gilbert Parker.

LOVE'S COMRADESHIP

It is enough that in this burdened time
The soul sees all its purposes aright.
The rest—what does it matter ? Soon the
 night
Will come to overwhelm us, then the morning
 chime.
What does it matter, if but in the way
One hand clasps ours, one heart believes us
 true ;
One understands the work we try to do,
And strives through Love to teach us what
 to say ?
Between me and the chilly outer air
Which blows in from the world, there
 standeth one
Who draws Love's curtains closely every-
 where,
As God folds down the banners of the sun.
Warm is my place about me, and above,
Where was the raven, I behold the dove.

A WILLOW AT GRAND-PRÉ

THE fitful rustle of thy sea-green leaves
Tells of the homeward tide, and free-blown
air

Upturns thy gleaming leafage like a share—
A silvery foam thy bosom, as it heaves !
O peasant tree, the regal Bay doth bare
Its throbbing breast to ebbs and floods—
and grieves !

O slender fronds, pale as a moonbeam
weaves,

Joy woke your strain that trembles to
despair !

Willow of Normandy, say, do the birds
Of Motherland plain in thy sea-chant low,
Or voice of those who brought thee in the
ships

To tidal vales of Acadie ? Vain words !
Grief unassuaged makes moan that Gas-
pereau

Bore on its flood the fleet with iron lips !

GLOOSCAP

DIM name, yet grand, that ever winks serene
In the red fagot's light, and like a ghost
Hovers above these raucous tides, this coast,
Wreathing weird webs of arrowy salts and
 keen !

Under the black-blue night's unrollèd screen
The loon is calling to the fiery host,
And yet no answer comes to keep thy
boast—

Far years their mellow thunders roll between.
Divinest of the red man's race and name,
Fullness of Hiawatha's dawning day,
Giver of laws, priest, prophet, all confest !
Thou'lt come again, appeased thy wrath
and shame,

Thy speed in all thy limbs, up yonder Bay
In white canoe from out the naked west.

Phosphate of Soda

KINGS OF MEN

As hills seem Alps, when veiled in misty
 shroud,
Some men seem kings, through mists of
 ignorance ;
Must we have darkness, then, and cloud on
 cloud,
To give our hills and pigmy kings a chance ?
Must we conspire to curse the humbling
 light,
Lest some one, at whose feet our fathers
 bowed,
Should suddenly appear, full length, in
 sight,
Scaring to laughter the adoring crowd ?
Oh, no ! God send us light !—Who loses
 then ?
The king of slaves and not the king of men.
True kings are kings for ever, crowned of
 God,

Kings of Men

The King of kings—we need not fear for
them.

'Tis only the usurper's diadem
That shakes at touch of light, revealing
fraud.

John Read

THE PATRIOT

GOD help the man who mortgages his life
For patriot dues ! Henceforward he is
safe

No more. His noblest virtues only chafe
The hydra that he serves to lust of strife.

His self-respect, his every social tie,

All that for which the world's best heroes
fight

Must be surrendered, or, unless he die,

He is a slave—mayhap a despot slave,

Like Dionysius, fearful of the light,

Or Belisarius, begging to his grave

Through streets o'er which his conquering
banners wave.

And his reward—to have poor poets
sigh

Above his dust the requiem of the brave.

John Ruskin

ANTIGONE

IF Homer ne'er had sung ; if Socrates
Had never lived in virtue's cause to die ;
If the wild chorus of the circling seas
Had never echoed back poor Sappho's sigh ;
If Sparta had not, with the purest blood,
Traced on all time the name "Thermopylæ" ;
If Greece, united through the surging
flood
Of Persian pride, had not arisen free ;
If nought of great, or wise, or brave, or good
Had proved thee, Hellas, what thou wast
to be ;
Save that thou didst create "Antigone"—
Thou still had'st in the van of nations
stood.
Fallen are thy noblest temples, but above
Them all still stands thy shrine of Woman's
Love.

THE WHEAT'S REWARD

Out of the ground I rose ; the seed seemed
dead,

But lo ! a slim green arm pushed through
the sod,

And by and by before my maker, God,
I stood full ripe. A voice cried : " Give
us bread."

The wind of God went by ; I bowed my
head,

And one approached who held a curvèd
knife,

And for the life of men he took my life,
And ever since by me are millions fed.

And then God spake these words : " O
blessed weed,

The lowly sister of the lily proud,
Be thou my chosen messenger to shroud
The mystery of my Son, the Woman's seed.
Thou darest not the sacrificial knife—
Be thou to dying men the Bread of Life."

John Ruskin

THE DARK AGES

THE years through which aught that hath
life, O Sun,

Hath watched or felt thy rising, what are
they

To those vast æons when, from night to day,
From dawn to dark, thy circuit thou didst
run,

With none to greet thee or regret thee ; none
To bless thy glowing harbinger of cloud,
Rose-tinted ; none to sigh when, like a
shroud,

The banner of Night proclaimed her victory
won ?

Yet, through that reign of seeming death,
so long

To our imperfect ken, the marvellous force
Which means to ends adjusts in Nature's
plan

Was bringing to the birth that eye of man,
Which now, O Sun, surveys thy farthest
course—

A speck amid the countless starry throng.

John Ruskin

THE HEART OF MAN

HAS aught been changed, or is there any
more

To tell of what the human heart can feel ?

Or is there any phase of woe or weal

That has not been a thousand times before ?

We live the life our fathers lived of yore—

Our loves, our hates, our longings are the
same ;

Our creeds have little changed except in
name,

And our wise books repeat the ancient lore.

The men who walked in Babylon's proud
streets

Were just such men as walk our streets to-
day ;

And the fair maid who blushes as she meets

Her lover, such as she, far, far away,

Long, long ago (oft has the tale been told),

Was many a sweet fair maid who lived of old.

John Reade

THE REASON WHY

NOR for their beauty do I love the hills
Of which I sing—fair though the features
seem
Bath'd in the splendour of the morning's
beam,
Or clad in that soft witchery that fills
Each glen at gloaming ; not for this the
rills
Are more to me than any classic stream
That ever Poet chose him for a theme ;—
A sweeter reason all my being thrills !
They are my own ! the much-lov'd hills of
home !
Not with that earthly ownership which
looks
For rent and taxes ; but because the
brooks,
The braes, the glens, all—all—where'er I
roam
Have voices sounding in the lonely wild,
That call me as a mother calls her child.

TO LILITH

BEHIND such various vesture of strange
dreams

Abides my soul, I know not its true form ;
Nor have I faith it is the thing it seems—
Now hushed in calm, now crying of the
storm.

Forevermore the dreams are as a veil
Of strangely-wrought enchantment to my
ken,
Wherethrough my soul's eyes make my being
quail,
Or bid me wanton with my joys again.

I have no knowledge of the thing it is,
Whether it be of fiend or angel born,
This much I know, beloved, only this :
Beneath thy touch, of all its power shorn,

It yields glad captive to the joy that lies
Sweet on thy ruining lips and laughing eyes.

HEREAFTER

WHEN I look back upon my childish years,
And think how little then I thought at all,
Sometimes to me it now almost appears,
So great the change has been, 'twere but
a small
Increase of change that might transform
a man
Into a spirit, standing at the throne
Of God, to see in full the mighty plan
Divine, and know as also he is known.
For why should thus so vast a growth have
been,
Which all but tops the verge of earthly
skies,
If, at the end, all that a man hath seen
Be blotted out before his closing eyes ?
So were it better still a child to be,
And shout young laughter through a
world of glee.

George John Rowland

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

WHY should I chafe and fret myself to find
Some pebble still untouched upon the
beach,

Where struggling wavelets follow each on
each

Upon the tide-mark of advancing Mind ?
If, one with them and urged by those behind,
My utmost energy at last should reach
A stone unwetted by a bubble's breach,
What gain were it to me or to my kind ?

Though I should fail that further inch to go,
Some other soon will creep its rugged floor,
While, resting on the conquered strand
below,

I calmly watch the rivalry before,
Rejoicing at the steady onward flow,
But at my new-found peace rejoicing
more.

George John Romanes.

THE RED-MEN

I

My footsteps press where, centuries ago,
The Red Men fought and conquered ; lost
and won.

Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's
snow,

Have found the Eternal Hunting-Grounds,
and run

The fiery gauntlet of their active days,
Till few are left to tell the mournful tale :
And these inspire us with such wild amaze
They seem like spectres passing down a vale
Steeped in uncertain moonlight, on their
way

Towards some bourn where darkness blinds
the day,

And night is wrapped in mystery profound.
We cannot lift the mantle of the past :
We seem to wander over hallowed ground :
We scan the trail of Thought, but all is
overcast.

The Red-Men

II

There was a time—and that is all we know !
No record lives of their ensanguined deeds :
The past seems palsied with some giant blow,
And grows the more obscure on what it
 feeds.

A rotted fragment of a human leaf ;
A few stray skulls : a heap of human bones !
These are the records—the traditions brief—
'Twere easier far to read the speechless
 stones.

The fierce Ojibwas, with tornado force,
Striking white terror to the hearts of braves !
The mighty Hurons, rolling on their course,
Compact and steady as the ocean waves !
The stately Chippewas, a warrior host !
Who were they ?—Whence ?—And why ?
 no human tongue can boast.

Charles Sangster:

IN THE FOREST

THERE is no sadness here. Oh, that my
heart

Were calm and peaceful as these dreamy
groves !

That all my hopes and passions, and deep
loves,

Could sit in such an atmosphere of peace,

Where no unholy impulses would start

Responsive to the throes that never cease

To keep my spirit in such wild unrest.

'Tis only in the struggling human breast

That the true sorrow lives. Our fruitful
joys

Have stony kernels hidden in their core.

Life in a myriad phases passeth here,

And death as various—an equal poise ;

Yet all is but a solemn change—no more ;

And not a sound save joy pervades the
atmosphere.

TIME

I SAW Time in his workshop carving faces ;
Scattered around his tools lay, blunting
 griefs,
Sharp cares that cut out deeply in reliefs
Of light and shade ; sorrows that smooth
 the traces
Of what were smiles. Nor yet without
 fresh graces
His handiwork, for ofttimes rough were
 ground
And polished, oft the pinched made smooth
 and round ;
The calm look, too, the impetuous fire
 replaces.
Long time I stood and watched ; with
 hideous grin
He took each heedless face between his
 knees,

Time

And graced and scarred and bleached with
boiling tears.

I wondering turned to go, when, lo! my
skin

Feels crumpled, and in glass my own face sees
Itself all changed, scarred, careworn, white
with years.

Frederick George Scott

AT NIGHTFALL

O LITTLE hands, long vanished in the night—
Sweet fairy hands that were my treasure
here—

My heart is full of music from some sphere,
Where ye make melody for God's delight.
Though autumn clouds obscure the starry
height,

And winds are noisy and the land is drear,
In this blank room I feel my lost love near,
And hear you playing—hands so small and
white.

The shadowy organ sings its songs again,
The dead years turn to music at its voice,
And all the dreams come back my brain did
store.

Once more, dear hands, ye soothe me in my
pain,

Once more your music makes my heart
rejoice—

God speed the day we clasp for evermore !

Edmund George Scott

THE LAURENTIANS

THESE mountains reign alone, they do not share
The transitory life of woods and streams ;
Wrapt in the deep solemnity of dreams,
They drain the sunshine of the upper air.
Beneath their peaks, the huge clouds, here
and there,

Take counsel of the wind, which all
night screams
Through grey, burnt forests where the
moonlight beams
On hidden lakes, and rocks worn smooth
and bare.

These mountains once, throned in some
primal sea,
Shook half the world with thunder, and
the sun

Pierced not the gloom that clung about
their crest ;
Now with sealed lips, toilers from toil set free,
Unvexed by fate, the part they played
being done,
They watch and wait in venerable rest.

THE HOUSE OF NIGHT

THOUGH all the light were lifted from the
land,
And a great darkness lay upon the sea ;
Though, groping each for some not-careless
hand,
I felt sad men pass over wearily ;
Though it were certain dawn would not
come in
With the next hour ; that after many days
Would no moon rise where the grey clouds
grew thin,
Nor any stars resume their ancient ways :
Though all my world was thus, and I more
blind
Than the dead, blundering planets raining
past,
I know I should not fancy Time unkind ;
For you, as once of old you came, at last
Would surely come, and with unfaltering
faith
Lead me beyond the dominance of death.

A LIFE

Let us rise up and live ! Behold, each thing
Is ready for the moulding of our hand.
Long have they all awaited our command ;
None other will they ever own for king.
Until we come no bird dare try to sing,
Nor any sea its power may undersand ;
No buds are on the trees ; in every land
Year asketh year some tidings of some Spring.
Yea, it is time—high time we were awake !
Simple indeed shall life be unto us.
What part is ours ?—To take what all things
 give ;
To feel the whole world growing for our
 sake ;
To have sure knowledge of the marvellous ;
To laugh and love—*Let us rise up and live !*

Francis Sherman

IN MEMORABILIA MORTIS

I MARKED the slow withdrawal of the year.
Out on the hills the scarlet maples shone—
The glad, first herald of triumphant dawn.
A robin's song fell through the silence—clear
As long ago it rang when June was here.
Then, suddenly, a few grey clouds were
drawn

Across the sky ; and all the song was gone,
And all the gold was quick to disappear.
That day the sun seemed loth to come
again ;

And all day long the low wind spoke of rain,
Far off, beyond the hills ; and moaned, like
one

Wounded, among the pines : as though the
Earth,

Knowing some giant grief had come to
birth,

Had wearied of the Summer and the Sun.

Francis Sherman.

THE MINOR POET'S SONG

THE soaring lark from swelling breast may
sound

Exultant strains that thrill the world below ;

The thrush on flute melodious may blow

The sweet sad tones that stir the soul pro-
found ;

But haply, too, on lonely shady mound

The wood-bird pipes a heart-song soft and
low,

That through her own breast sends a cheery
glow,

Yet brightness, too, the little world around :

And may not one who feels his bosom swell

And thrill at every note sublime and strong,

Who loves the sweet sad melodies that
dwell

And linger in the heart's recesses long,

The while himself he cheers, attempt as
well

To lighten others with his artless song ?

Lyman B. Smith

“UPON THE BEACH I WALKED
AT EVE ALONE”

UPON the beach I walked at eve alone,
And listened to the moaning of the sea,
And watched the sails that in the moonlight
shone

As the horizon. Straightway unto me
There came a voice, as from below the
waves :

“The less’ning sail will soon be seen no more,
And as I sweep thy footprints from the shore,
Time mosses o’er a world of unknown graves.
And it is well. If men could not forget,
With phantoms all the world would peopled
be ;

The ghosts of buried joys their hearts would
fret—

A flood of tears, like blood, would drown the
sea.

Rail not at Time—the healer of thy woes—
As of those thou hast forgotten, shall be
thy last repose.”

Hiram L. Spence
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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

With eyes suffused and heart dissolved with
sorrow,

How often have I fled the realms of sleep,
And sought, not vainly, from thy page to
borrow

That which forbids or eye or heart to weep !
Thy Thanatopsis ! fraught with tenderest
feeling,

Is like a June breeze to the ice-bound
heart ;

To us, thy humble followers, revealing

The sage, the seer, the poet that thou art,
Still roll " The Ages," still " Green River "
flows,

And odorous blossoms load the " Apple
Tree,"—

Into " The Lake " still fall the fleecy snows,
And Nature everywhere doth speak of thee.

Oh, for a poet's tongue to name thy
name !

But does it matter ? Thine is death-
less fame.

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Hiram L. Spencer

THE SEA

O SEA, that to these grey and solemn shores
Dost pour thy plaint through all the
circling years ;

I would that to my ever-listening ears
Some spirit might translate thy language !

Roars

The wave that spends its force against the
rocks

That its assaults deride ; a giant's pain

It voices ! Soft dost thou complain
By pebbly beach to Summer's fields and
flocks.

Tell'st thou of cities hid beneath thy breast ?

Of famed Atlantis, known in story only ?
Of sepulchres innumerable, where rest

The wrecks of ages, peacefully and lonely ?
Tell why thou plaintest, melancholy sea !
And the sea answers, Hush, it may not be.

Hiram L. Spencer.

THE BURIED YEARS

THE twilight shadows creep along the wall,
Without, the sobbing of the wind I hear,
And from the vine-clad elm that marks
the mere

The ivy leaves in crimson eddies fall.
Deeper and deeper grow the shades of night,
And, gazing in the fire, to me appears
The form of one departed with the years—
The buried years of hope, and faith and
light.

“Oh that those lips had language”—would
they tell

The old, old story of the bygone days—
Ere on our heart the blighting shadow fell,
And we henceforward followed parted
ways?

I ask, but as I ask the embers die—
The vision fades—and answer none
have I.

Hiram L. Spence

KEATS

IMMORTAL exile from the Grecian shore,
Thou who didst lay thine heart at Nature's
 shrine,
Breathing a noble praise in song divine,
Making melodious rhymes that sweetly pour
Enchantment like the Lesbian isle of yore
And dreams of dryads, amber honey, wine,
And flowery wreaths the white-limbed
 nymphs did twine ;
These sadly thou didst leave, and sing no
 more.

In crumbling Rome, beneath Italian skies,
Where memories of Virgil haunt the spot,
Thou sleep'st alone, and Time's great ruin
 lies
About thy grave. Young dreamer, who
 once sought
Parnassian heights and bore a precious prize,
Thy golden reed of promise lies forgot !

Phillips Stewart

AMERICA

COLUMBUS came to thee and called thee
new !

New World to him, but thy rich blood,
bright gold,

Lay cold where once the fires manifold
Raged fiercely. New ? Primeval forests
grew,

Had fallen, and were coal ! Thine eagles
flew

Undaunted then as now, and where the bold
South Rocky Mountains rise in fold on fold
The Aztec to his God the victim slew.

The tropic verdure of thy far north world
Had passed for ever, moon-like fading out.
Sky-piercing mounts have reared them from
the seas—

The lost Atlantis has been depth-ward
hurled,

Since thou wert new !—Old ! all thy land-
marks shout,

And bid us read thy waiting mysteries.

AT THE END OF THE WOOING

“FROM its frail stem tear not the rose,”
you said,

“Nor brush from wings so fragile all their
gold,

Lest in your unrewarded hand you hold
Only, alas, torn plumes and petals dead !
Ah, plead no more”—you bowed your
troubled head—

“Lest we who loved and listened, dear,
of old,

In life's cage kiss this singing glory cold,
And find bruised petals where the rose
hung red !”

I take the solace, and endure the smart ;
Bend close, O wondering brow, and turn
to me

Those wistful lips, those eyes of mourn-
ful blue,

Where still the old smile steals, for, light
of heart,

The fleeting rose, the unassuaging
voices, see,

I leave and lose, but You—oh, never You !

NE M'OUBLIEZ PAS

LA vie est un caprice, une reine qui donne
La joie ou les regrets, souvent à pleine main.
Aujourd'hui nous avons les plaisirs qu'elle
ordonne,
Et des larmes viendront les racheter demain.

Puis l'absence ou l'oubli, trop sévère, en-
vironne
Tout ce qui nous fut cher, et l'emporte
soudain.
Oubli ! . . . cent fois plus dur que le cruel
dédain,
Puisses-tu passer loin des vers que je
crayonne !

Car je vais confier ce que je ne puis taire :
En tous lieux, en tous temps, sur tous
points de la terre
Un tendre souvenir accompagne mes pas. . . .

Ne m'oubliez pas

O ! vous qui comprenez mon espoir, mes
alarmes,

Epargnez à mon cœur les regrets et les
larmes :

Nos beaux jours passeront, mais ne m'oub-
liez pas !

Benjamin Sulte.

AN AUTUMN WIND

A TRUCE with cares and labours ! I have
cried ;

And traced the sweet winds to the barley
field,

To watch the strong browned reapers,
joyous wield

Their curved and twinkling sickles side by
side.

And where the harvest valley opened wide,
A breeze fell down among the rip'ning grain,
Driving the golden waves across the plain,
And dipping in the nooks, where fieldlarks
hide.

Brave with its gambol, still it went until
It waved the loosestrifes' ribbons o'er the hill,
And spilled the dazzling sunset from the
flow'rs.

Within a forest then it hid at night ;
To waken when the morning filled the
bow'rs

With fragrance, and with floods of violet
light.

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John Stuart Thomson.

THE BLIND STREET FIDDLER

HE sits amid the ceaseless ebb and flow
Of human life, in multitudes alone,
And listens to their ceaseless monotone.
His sightless eyes see never to and fro
The hurrying waves in divers eddies go ;
See not the shadows on that ocean thrown
By cliff-like, mocking walls of voiceless
stone
Which shore the restless tides that sweep
below.

Among them, yet not one of them, sits he
And sends his clear-toned music over all,
Charming the waves to music as they roll.
Even thus great thoughts sweep over life's
vast sea,
Along the shores of time, and the waves fall
And rise in rhythm under their control.

Arthur Weir

THE SNOW-STORM

THE great, soft, downy snow-storm like a
 cloak
Descends to wrap the lean world head to
 feet ;
It gives the dead another winding-sheet,
It buries all the roofs until the smoke
Seems like a soul that from its clay has
 broke ;
It broods moon-like upon the Autumn
 wheat,
And visits all the trees in their retreat,
'To hood and mantle that poor shiv'ring
 folk.
With wintry bloom it fills the harshest
 grooves
In jagged pine-stump fences. Every sound
It hushes to the footstep of a nun.
Sweet Charity ! that brightens where it
 moves,
Inducing darkest bits of churlish ground
To give a radiant answer to the sun.

IN THE CROWD

HERE in the crowded city's busy street,
Swayed by the eager, jostling, hasting
throng,
Where Traffic's voice grows harsher and
more strong,

I see within the stream of hurrying feet
A company of trees in their retreat,
Dew-bathed, dream-wrapped, and with a
thrush's song
Emparadizing all the place, along
Whose paths I hear the pulse of Beauty
beat.

'Twas yesterday I walked beneath the trees,
To-day I tread the city's stony ways ;
And still the spell that o'er my spirit came
Turns harshest sounds to shy bird ecstasies,
Pours scent of pine through murky chimney
haze,
And gives each careworn face a woodland
frame.

Ethelwyn with the old

ABSENCE

DEAR grey-winged angel, with the mouth
set stern

And time-devouring eyes, the sweetest
sweet

Of kisses when two severed lovers meet
Is thine ; the cruellest ache in hearts that
yearn,

The fears that freeze, the hopes that leap
and burn,

Thine—thine ! And thine the drum-and-
trumpet beat

Of hearts that wait for unreturning feet,
When comes at last the hour of their return.

Of Love's fair ministers thou art the chief.

To jaded souls, asleep beside their vows,
Thou givest hopes, keen joys and vague
alarms ;

Beneath thy touch the brown and yellow leaf
Turns to pink blossom, and the spring-
bright boughs

Frame lovers running to each other's
arms.

III

6 thewyz Wethers

TRUE LOVE

TRUE love is lowly as the wayside flower,
That springeth up beneath the traveller's
tread,

And lifteth trustfully its lovely head,
Content to bless therewith the passing hour ;
Unheedful of the wealth of heavenly dower
It lavisheth upon a path bestead

With the coarse trafficking of sordid
meed,

So it lie open but to sun and shower.

And love no less deals with unstinted hand :

Lavish to others, heedless of reward :

Deeming no sacrifice of self too hard,

So that, with fruitful arms outspread, she
stand

Sowing around home's hearth her harvest
treasure :

Heart's hoards of golden grain, showered
down in affluent measure.

Daniel Wilson

Dr. Scott
D. J. Stahl
Lambert
Robertson
J. E. M.
Grawford
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